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PREFACE.

AS the Characters and Descriptions in this little Treatise are intended for a Picture of one Set of Men only, who have distinguish'd themselves so much by their uncommon Practices and Passions, as I have done by this uncommon Apology, I may reasonably hope this none will rail at it, who are not hit by it. Therefore if any Gentlemen please to take it ill that I have publish'd their Countenances, I am ready to thank them: Their Anger will be my Defence; and it will be sufficient, for the Justification of my Copy, that there are really such Originals. They have long sat for their Picture, and the Features are so strong and obvious, that it was scarce possible to miss them. If they appear frightful, now they are drawn, the Fault is not in me.

How amiable is the Character of a Clergyman, when it is not stain'd by the Wearer! And every good Man will honour that Minister who does not dishonour himself. That there are still many such, is my Pleasure, that there are not more, is my Concern.

I added an Explanation of this Kind by way of Postscript to the second Edition, and have prefix'd it as a Preface to the others. It may be necessary to the Wilful and the Weak.

The Guesses which have been made about the Author, give me Occasion to declare to the World, that my Name never yet was in Print.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

A MODEST APOLOGY FOR Parſon *Alberoni*, &c.

IT is ſurprizing what ſtrange Conſequences are produced by the humbleſt Inſtruments. One would think that Braſs is a Metal void of Conſiſtence and Merit, either in Colour or Smell; and yet a ſuitable Portion of it, placed conveniently upon the *Forehead*, does frequently entitle the *Bearer* to the higheſt Stations in Church and State. It often makes a *bold Figure* at the Head of a Regiment, and often *commands* Attention at the Council-Table. In *Weſtminſter-Hall* it is loud, and *therefore* ſucceſsful; and, in Parliament popular and perſwaſive, *for the ſame Reaſon*. And then again, if you take it in another Capacity, it ſtill carries all before it. *Thomas a Becket* was Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, as have been ſince ſe-

veral other good Doctors of *equal* Meekneſs and Merit, whom my fear of giving *Offence* keeps me from mentioning; and at this very Time, a certain *Apoſtolical* Gentleman, who ſhall alſo be nameleſs, is *Cardinal* of a great Church betwixt *Newgate* and *Tyburn*.

O Catholick Braſs, manifold are thy Virtues! I admire thy Intereſt, tho' I never felt thy Friendſhip; an obſtinate Fellow, one *Modeſty* by Name, never ſuffering me to take Acquaintance with thee. Thou fortunate Favourite of the Court and the Caſſocks, [illegible] Lady haſt thou won, and many a fair Poſt enjoy'd! Powerful alſo is thy Force in Argument: How invincibly haſt thou ſupported the Divine Right of Kings and Clergy, their *unbroken* Succeſſion, and *unlimitted* Power, to the utter Confuſion of *common* Senſe, and the *Biſhop of Bangor!*

But to proceed with the mighty Events that ariſe from *contemptible* Cauſes; every Body has heard that the famous Sir *John Whittington*, at his firſt ſetting out in the World, had no greater Cargo than a homely *Tabby Cat*, and ſhe too, like other *mortal* Merchandize, ſubject to *Tare* and *Tret*. But ſhe proved a *mighty Hunter*, and, by her Teeth and Reputation, promoted her *Fellow Traveller* to the *chief* Poſt in the *chief* City. And thus, to draw a Moral from the Story, *The Deſtruction of Rats became the Generation of a Knight and a Lord Mayor.*

I have heard, in foreign Countries, of a fleſhy headed *Chamber-Maid*, who from *pinning her Miſtreſs's Rump*, got aſtride *three Nations*, and rode them almoſt out of Breath; for ſhe was *Corpulent*, and, for the moſt part, had *a Spur in her Head*.

Even

Even the great *Virgil* became a Gunner by being a Farrier; and a *Topper* has been the Elements of an *Ambassador*.

Arts and Sciences themselves have had their Birth from trivial Chance. Musick, as sweet a Girl as she is, had a dirty Anvil for her Mother, and a base born Hammer for her Father, and was midwif'd into the World by a sooty Blacksmith. And Astrology derives its Genealogy from Cow-keeping, the *Chaldean* Herdsmen having, while they look'd after their Flocks, *grown familiar with the Stars*. Thus *Venus* had her Water first watched by Rufficks, who, one would think, could have neither *sufficient Breeding, nor Capacity* for Pimping — but the *most elegant Arts* were rude in their Beginnings.

A *Friar*, whilst he was boiling up a Balsam for a broken Shin, stumbled upon the Generation of Gun-Powder; which was therefore conceived in the *Womb* of a Gally-pot, made *pregnant* by a *Priest*.

The great *Pope Sixtus* the Fifth ow'd his triple Crown to the keeping of Pigs, and from a mean Swine-Herd mounted till he came to be Chief of *another Herd*, still preserving *an Analogy between his first and last Employment*.

The great *Tompion* had never made Watches, had he not first made Hob-Nails.

All this *Waste* of Learning, which, *in other Hands*, might fill many Books, may serve to introduce the Manner and Motive by which I came to be an Author. Know then, *Curious Reader*, that a Stationer in the City having, last Week, *trusted me* with an *Inkhorn* and the Appurtenances, I began immediately to make Use of it, and upon a tryal of my Genius, I found I could make as good a Figure in print as some other

other famous Writers, whose Merit is *best* known to themselves.

My first Attempt was upon the Witty and Voluminous Mr. *Miſt*, the Journaliſt, because I would begin with *something ſignal* at my firſt ſetting out. I found his Paper, after much ſearch, in a blind Ale-Houſe, near *Hockley in the Hole*. Having once my Rival for Fame, inſtantly I *drew* my *Pen*, and by ſeveral *bold Strokes* upon *his Margin*, diſcover'd plainly that *Senſe* and *Modeſty* were not *his Sentiments*, for they both proved *mine*. But for all this dreadful Enmity between us, I will candidly own this *Author*, for whom he lately drew up an *indictable* Petition, have almoſt as good a Title as himſelf to *one ſort of Advantageous* in a *Chriſtian Commonwealth*. My Antagoniſt would certainly fill a particular *and Poſt*, which is empty *ſince* then it *ſhould be*, with *becoming Merit and Juſtice*. But ſee, how theſe Parſons run away with *Preferments* from the Laity! This very Poſt is, I am told, *conferr'd*, *for the preſent*, upon a *genuine Son of the Church*, who has *conſcientiouſly deſerved* it.

Behold, *kind Reader*, A *true and full Account* of the *Origination* of this admirable Pamphlet. If Heaven ſpare me my Life and my Inkhorn, it is likely I may ſwell into Volumes, as divers and ſundry *eſſay* Writers have done for no better Reaſon.

Having thus ſucceeded beyond Expectation in my firſt Eſſay, I am emboldened thereby to an Undertaking equal, if poſſible, to my laſt, and from the Defence of Mr. *Miſt*, I intend to paſs, perhaps naturally enough, to an Apology for the Reverend *Parſon Alberoni*, who, by the high Station he enjoys, *of Vice-Roy over the King of*

Spain,

Spain, is become the Mark of much unreasonable Envy. This Task of mine will lead me to open and justify the Generous and commendable Aims of the *humbling Trade of Priesthood*, for which I promise my self the pious Thanks of the Convocation, *the next Time it sits*.

I hope I shall need no Excuse for the sharp Things which my Zeal for the *Church* and the *Cardinal* will oblige me to utter.

As to the trifling Charge against my *Client*, that he has *corrupted his Pupil*, enhanced thereby Bribe and Treasure, and surprized his Neighbours, that it be very true, there is Nothing *at all in it*. I behold with Shame the Ignorance of Mankind as *to what passes daily amongst us*. Do we not all know that Oaths and Obligations, when they are so fancy as to favour the *Cardinal Planefunt*, or *Profit* of the Clergy, can come looking through by the *subtle Body*, with great *Facility and Unanimity*? Nor is there any Malignity in this *expressive Phrase* [illegible], but this most damnable Sin ceases to be so, *as soon as the Priest has ascribed it*, and sucked out its Venom with a Salve: When he has done this, most godly *Cabalist* finely observes, *Licet ego peccaverim, jam non peccavi*: That is, *The most gross Sinners are now innocent, being absolved by the Priest*.

This ought to be answer of the Laity; for as to the Clergy, who are the *avowed Powers of Heaven*, and *Controllers* of its Power and Keys, and Treasurers of its Wrath and Mercies, I cannot conceive they should be so any Time in an unsanctified State, *let them do what they will*. This is indeed, who being Laymen, and only the *Beasts of the People*, see no further than the Externals of Things, a Person may appear a *very sad Fellow*, and tainted with that which, *in one of*

under Cloth, might seem a great Impudence. But alas! they have an indelible Character which enables all their Actions, and is the spiritual Salt that keeps the Corruptions of the Clergy from putrifying.

It may perhaps be not unbecoming my present Design, to enquire a little into what Nook or Quarter of the Priest this indelible Character is conveyd by Ordination, lurks; and I think it is evidently compos'd in the Cassock or Habit, for that Garment has been often worn by the Clergy, while living only Companions to the lazy Priest in their Labours and Exercises, could not be admitted to take Orders, or be ever inducted into Benefice.

[illegible] in the Cassock of the Priest. For when a Priest [illegible] of a Person, and [illegible] or in any other [illegible] than the holy Offices, or appeared any other [illegible] Priestly Office. For it is reasonable, think, when a Parson is dead, the Spirit as quite unreasonable as another Body, which is a Confirmation of a Point generally believ'd by many, That a Priest is never a good Neighbour.

I would not have it alledged that this abominable Stain of Priesthood sticks, like Bird-Lime, on the Soul of the Doctor, when the same has given his Body the Slip, or that he keeps his Orders when he has lost his Organs. Profane Wits will ridicule Jest of a Chap in Orders, and, looking upon it, be surpriz'd to find a Priest in a Place where all one would expect him. But let such a Simpleton be answerable for his own Mirth, I am sure I have a very good Meaning.

How-

However, tho' this *indelible Character* must for ever remain a *profound Mystery to me, who am but an uninstructed Lay-man*, and tho' I am in *Duty bound to know what I cannot understand*; I have still something further to say in Defence of my favourite *Cardinal*, his leaping over Oaths, which, as I have already prov'd, *cannot* tye down a *Church-Man*.

Arch-Bishop *Laud*, besides his taking and tendering Oaths with an &c. which *some weak fanatical Ministers* would not swallow, and were therefore, like silly Fellows, unworthy *of their Cloth and Order*, undone because they would not be forsworn; I say, besides this Efficy of his Perjury for the Good of himself and the Church, *He and the King* obliged the Clergy of *Scotland* to swear to a *Canonical Conformity* to a Liturgy, a Year before it was made. And I have read of a Monarch, *a Glorious Church-Man*, for whom, *once a Year*, many godly Revilings and Pillhoods are utter'd, and many Handkerchiefs wet, who, besides *many* other Instances of his Sincerity and Devotion, swore to the Espousals of one Lady, while he was engag'd *by Heart and Hand* to another whom he afterwards married.

What I would from hence infer in Favour of my Client, is, that if a Popish Prince and a Popish Priest have as good a Right to be forsworn as an *English Catholick Prince, and an* English *Catholick Priest*, the Cardinal and his Pupil stand justified.

You must own, Reader, a Monopoly of Perjury is not publick Spirited — I do not indeed envy any of our own Clergy *their full Share*, who may have been *trading that way*; but to engross the *whole Commodity* would be *unfair Trafficking*.

But to go on with my Apology. —— *Kings are accountable to none but God, and the Priests to none but themselves.* As this Principle is exactly agreeable to the Pretensions and Practices of the *Church* in all Ages, I would be glad to see that daring Infidel who calls it in Question. The *Lay-World* may make Oaths, and take them, but so long as their Force depends upon the Pleasure and Explications of the Clergy, they will be but of small Service to Mankind. I will vouch for the Priests, that they always scorn'd to be barr'd by the trifling Regards of Conscience and Swearing, from the *more catholick Pursuits of their Pleasure and Power*; and History, both antient and modern, will vouch for *me*. I will give Instances.

When the Prince is hard hearted enough to humour the Church-Men, by oppressing and plundering the Laity, and politick enough to divide the Spoils with *them*, then it is Damnation to resist him, because he has a Divine Right to be Mischievous to all Men but themselves: But if his Majesty is so ill advis'd, as to provoke their Rage by his Benevolence to Mankind; or, if by a schismatical Adherence to Truth and Liberty, he frustrate their Hopes of making him a *good Church-Man*, the Church grows presently in imminent Danger from Virtue and Moderation, who are *notorious Dissenters from Orthodoxy*, then it is little better than Damnation not to resist him, *and Woes are denounced against the fearful Heart and the weak Hand.*

As to his present Majesty, there are those of the Clergy, who have *forsworn* to be true and faithful to him, over and over, and yet do not so much as pretend they mean any such Matter. They say they must swear or starve, which

which is a Confession that they would rather be damned than fail. What a Tribe of Simpletons were the Martyrs in all Ages! their *Love to God* made them erroneously prefer their Souls to their Bellies, and even to their Lives — And yet they had a stronger Plea for conforming to Idolatry and Perjury, as Death and Tortures are somewhat more frightful than bare Deprivation — But now a-days, by *universal Consent*, Tithes bear a higher Price than Conscience *in any Market in England*.

In *Edward* the Sixth's Time, the Clergy, to shew themselves true Conformists, forsook their Harlots and the Mass, and were, to appearance, reconcil'd to *their Women*, and the New Testament. In Queen *Mary*'s Reign they abandon'd the Gospel and their Wives, and re-became *Orthodox Catholicks*, and to prove it, grew godly Burners of all that had either a Conscience or a Bible. Upon Queen *Elizabeth*'s Accession to the Throne, they once more, like *unfortunate Friends to themselves*, forswore and complied, and afterwards plotted and rebell'd. But her Reign proved long and glorious. And indeed some, who have not that Reverence for the Gown which they ought to have, are of Opinion, that it's a certain Symptom of happy Times, when the Priests run mad and cattish; for, say they, while the People are suffer'd to enjoy their own, the Clergy can have no Plunder; whereas, in a general Oppression, the Prince and Priests generally divide Spoils — They add, That Wolves and Ravens never fare *best* but where there are most Carcasses. But these Things ought not to be spoken, and,

I wonder how any Man in his Senses dare say such disrespectful Things of the *Officers of* God

God Almighty's Bounty, who also are a Board of Commissioners for managing his Power, or rather their own Power, by *his Authority*.

In the Proceſs of Excommunication, for Inſtance, do we not ſee their Maſter is *made* little better than their Executioner? He is *oblig'd* not only to ratify their Sentence, but to deliver the Perſon excommunicate into the fatal Cuſtody of Satan, their Gaoler in *Comitatu Hell*. The Priſoner the while, not finding himſelf a bit reſtrain'd by his *abiding* Landlord, *the Devil*, goes to the Court, and for a little Money is abſolved, be his Crime what it will, and this Sentence alſo *muſt* be ratified in Heaven, and the former vacated; and the great God, as if he were the Conſtable of the Court, *muſt* take the Priſoner out of a Goal where he never was, and from the Cuſtody of a Gaoler, whom he never ſaw, and re-inſtate him in a Church which perhaps he never own'd. Thus is the Creator of all Things, and the Giver of all Good, made the Inſtrument of their Anger and Revenge, and a Property to bring them Reverence and Money.

Theſe Things are not at all aggravated here, and yet the bare mention of them may ſeem to expoſe them; but I mean no more by it than to ſhew the *wonderful and irreſiſtable Power of the Prieſthood*, who are as *implicitly obey'd in Heaven, as they ought to be on Earth*, and have the upper and infernal World as much in their Gift, as he has, who is the Maker of both; nay much more, for, as a Reverend Doctor of *our Church* has it, *he has given them his Commiſſion to diſpoſe of them, and he cannot contradict himſelf*. They will not allow the King of Kings the *common Prerogative* of pardoning a *poor Fellow*, once in a Seſſions, without *their* conſent, and then he *muſt* not be pu-

punished. How great and awful must these Men be, who are *thus absolute over the Absolute*, and *Kings of the King of Kings!* This may perhaps seem to suppose them as no Friends to Monarchy, but this cannot be imagin'd, since they themselves are the Monarchs of God and Men.

After all this Omnipotence which I have proved to be in the Clergy, where is the need of believing in any *other* God, or of living as if there was one? No, no, if you would be *absolved and saved, believe in the Priest, and live in the fear of the Cassock.* What can be more handy than our having a Forgiver, and a Saviour in every Parish, besides *Deputy-Pardoners*, and *Journey-men-Saviours?*

There is indeed an antient Treatise named *Scripture*, which, *if we give any Credit to it*, would be apt to hagger this our Faith in the Clergy. It was of great Repute at the Reformation by a few Doctors, who, not knowing their own Power, hastily ascribed the Institution of the Surplice to that of Christianity. But their Successors, wiser than these old Fellows, and better *Church-Men*, finding that the said Book was pragmatical, and would be opposing the Policy and Proceedings of their Society, translated all the Reverence, which was formerly paid to that venerable old Book, to a Book of Canons, compos'd on purpose, as a *Rival* to bring the other under disgrace, insomuch that it is now for the most part condemned to the mean Office of teaching Children to read. A certain *modern Bishop* has indeed done his *malicious part* to restore it to its *pristine* Regard and Dignity, but as he is *zealously* opposed by all the *truly Orthodox*, it is hop'd *by many* he will not succeed.

Com-

Commend me to the *German* Monk whom I have ſeen mentioned ſomewhere, I think, by Monſieur *Le Clerc*. This *genuine Prieſt*, faithful to the Intereſt of his Order, told his Penitents, in the godlineſs of his Zeal, *That there was a certain Book writ in* Greek, *call'd the New Teſtament, which was full of Hereſies; and another certain Book, writ in* Hebrew, *called the Old Teſtament, which, if they believed it, would make them all* Jews.

I would recommend the Example of this Monk to our *own Monks*, but they have ſaved me the trouble.

There is an Outcry in the Mouths of too many of the Laity againſt the Clergy, which I think is very unreaſonable; they accuſe them of an implacable Enmity to Knowledge and Illumination; which is very true and yet very juſt. How often muſt theſe perverſe Men be told, That *Learning and Eyes* in the Laity are the greateſt Cauſes of the Contempt of the Clergy? Why ſhould we be inquiring into Points which ought only to be believed thoroughly, but never underſtood nor conceived? It ought to ſuffice us to know that the Prieſts know all Things. This might at firſt have prevented Diſſenters, and ought now to reclaim them. If we did but humbly and lazily follow our Guides, it would ſave us much trouble, and yet put them to none.

Beſides, this Charge is too general; for they are always willing we ſhould read and underſtand *theſe few Texts* that ſpeak civilly of the Prieſthood, and wiſh, no doubt, there were more of them. Nay, now and then they are ſo courteous as to ſplit a Verſe in the Bible with us, and, keeping one half to themſelves, give us generouſly the other. For Example, *Be wiſe*

as

as Serpents, and innocent as Doves, is a Text they ſeem very ready to divide with us. The Harmleſneſs of the Pidgeon is at our Service, but we muſt not pretend to rob them of the *Serpent*.

The cunningeſt Serpent that ever was, I mean the Devil in *Milton*, compaſs'd the Earth by Night, and could not endure the *enlightned Side* of the Globe.

The Space of ſeven continued Nights he rode
In Darkneſs——

How agreeable the Policy of the *Arch-Fiend* is to the *other Gentlemen in Black*, I need not explain.— Without Doubt the *Wiſdom and good Parts*, even of the Devil, are imitable. Who can blame them for hiding Deformities and cloven Feet? Should Knowledge and the Scriptures be let looſe againſt the Clergy, what dreadful Havock would they make! Theſe *mercileſs Informers* would make their Reputation to be only *Daub* and *Varniſh*; and their Wealth, only *Booty and Plunder*: For what would not two ſuch *bold Libertines* ſwear? Can we blame Men for warding againſt their mortal Foes.

For the Safety therefore of the Parſons, in their Fortunes and Characters, I will conſult my *intimate Friends*, *the Two Houſes*, about ſtopping the Mouth of the Bible, and the Biſhop of *Bangor*. This, I hope, my *Friends* will comply with, for I know they love to *do popular Things*, and will be proud *to pleaſe the Convocation*.

I have been long thinking of a Project to reconcile Religion and the Church to each other: They were *originally intimate Friends*, but at preſent they live *at mortal Odds*.

I would not say one Word, upon any Consideration, to perswade the Clergy to give Christianity the upper Hand of their Interest, for I love them too well to affront them: neither would I have them affright themselves with my *reconciling Design* above-mention'd, for I have given it over as *utterly impracticable*: But as I am their Friend and Apologist, I beg leave to recommend to them the Removal of a few unpopular Qualities and Practices, of which they are fond. And

First, I would advise them to conceal that *unprofitable* Propensity which is in them, to burn or strangle Dissenters. Persecution is certainly a laudable Calling, *when any Thing is to be got by it*; and in such a Case, I am not for robbing the Clergy of *their Dues*, but at present there is neither Gain nor Credit in it: And therefore, I beseech them, as they love themselves, which is the strongest Motive my Invention can dictate, to banish this *Penny-less Spirit*: The Malignity of the Times has deprived them of the Power of doing *Catholick Mischief and Murder for the Welfare of the Church.*

In order to perswade them effectually to close with this my Advice, I pray the Clergy not to judge of other Mens Consciences by their own. It would be really whimsical, in a few Men, *who are void of Hearing*, to set up for *adjusting or restraining the Laws of Harmony*. The Pleasure of Procreation is Greek *and* Hebrew *to an Eunuch*; and indeed *to a Creature that is gelt, Liberty of Cod-piece must have a very odd Sound.*

Another Point which seems wrong in them, is their Stiling themselves the *Ambassadors of a great Potentate*, who, I am afraid, *will not own them.* We all know *their Instructions, as mystical*

as

as they would keep them, and I fear me, were they examin'd by them, like many other Statesmen, they would be found too great to be good. Should the late Earl of *Mar*, who hath given some shrewd Suspicions of his being for the Pretender, take it in his Head to call himself *King George's Ambassador*, would not his Practices, in some small Measure, bring in Question his Professions? The Application is easie; it is only supposing the Devil a Pretender to the Kingdom of Heaven.

There is, in a certain Diocess of this Nation, a Living, worth about Six Hundred Pounds a Year. This, and two or three more Preferments, maintain *the Doctor* in *becoming Ease* and *Corpulency*. He keeps a Chariot in Town, and a Journey-Man in the Country; and his Curate and his Coach-Horses are his *equal Drudges*, saving that the *four Lagg'd Cattle* are better fed, and have *sleeker Caffocks* than his *Spiritual Dray-Horse*. The Doctor goes down once a Year to *shear his Flock*, and fill his Pockets, or, in other Words, to receive *the Wages of his Embassy*; and then, sometimes in an Afternoon, if his Belly do not happen to be too full, he vouchsafes to mount the Pulpit, and to instruct his People in the Greatness of his Character and his Dulness. This composes the whole Parish to *Rest*; but the Doctor one Day denouncing himself the *Lord's Ambassador* with greater Fire and Loudness than could have been reasonably expected from *him*, it rous'd a Clown of the Congregation, who wak'd his next Neighbour, with—*Do'st hear*, Tom, *do'st hear*? Ay, says *Tom*, yawning, what does he say? *Say*, answered t'other, *he says a strange Lye to be sure; he says as how he is the Lord's Humbassador*; But I do think he is

more rather *the Lord's Receiver-General*, for he never comes but to take Money.

Six Hundred Pounds a Year is, *modestly speaking*, a competent Fee for lulling the largest Congregation in *England* asleep once in a Twelve Month.—Such Tithes are the *Price of Nappin* and such mighty Odds there are between a *Curtain-Lecture* and a *Cushion-Lecture*.

The next Piece of Counsel I would give *my Friends in Black*, is, that when they are caught in a small Crime, or so, they would not always be throwing the Blame upon a Couple of civil Persons and good Neighbours, called *Flesh and Blood*; it is not satisfactory. A Bear when he is hungry, may eat up a good Christian, and give as *strong* a Reason for it.—No, let them Sin as they Preach, and scorn to tell us *why or wherefore*.

Their Ambition, of being such *near Kinsmen* to the *Apostles*, has likewise done them a Unkindness. A Priest may be a decent Companion, and an *admirable Church-man*, and yet not be a Bit like *his Cousin* St. Paul. It is therefore for the Honour of the Clergy, that I would have them drop their Alliance with the Saints: People will be making *shameful Comparisons*, in which the Gown, I doubt, will suffer; for know all Men, *by these Presents*, that Railing at the Government, and Undermining it, and the Contempt of Temperance, and Oaths, with other Modes that are now Orthodox, were not *Apostolical Vertues* in *former Days*: And whereas Humility, Meekness, Patience, brotherly Love and Charity, are, at this Day, every Mother's Son of them, *Dissenters and Schismaticks*, the same were in some small Repute many Hundred Years ago. But what is that to our *present Apostles*?

I often amuse my Self with considering the Greatness and Multiplicity of the Characters belonging to the Orthodox Clergy. The meanest Reader of them is a Kinsman to the Apostles, and our Saviour's Lieutenant, and Door-Keeper of Heaven and Hell, and the Creator of Christians, and the Forgiver of Sins, and a Trumpeter, and a Watchman, and a Journey-man, and— (I am out of Breath) an Ambassador.

But as great Men as they are, it is hard, methinks, that an honest Lay-Man, when he dies, cannot slap up Stairs, without a Ticket from an Ambassador, who is perhaps a Fool, or out of Humour, or taking his Bottle or his Girl, with the like.

My Friends, the Ambassadors have another Custom too, which favours not so much of the Serpent as it ought to do. A Man cannot grow eminent for his Knowledge and Wisdom, but forthwith the Ambassadors grow fearful of him, and cry *Away* at once. This I would pray them to forbear. I own I have my own ends in giving them this wholesome Admonition; for, as well as to say *Late Friend, the World*, as a Sermon, which I desire may go no further, I bequeath my Self so be *more* than apprehensive of the Charges of *Ambassy* against me.

The Church-Men have, moreover, found it for their Interest, Time out Mind, that most of their Dead should drink a Bumper to Beelzebub next their Hours every Morning. Now, I declare I am not at all acquainted with the Devil, and I desire the Ambassadors, if he should tell them the contrary, not to credit him; for, whatever they may think of it, he's a foul lying Fellow.

Life. Luck, I grant, gave them sufficient Cause to abuse him, by his speaking well of human Understanding, and explaining the Scriptures. But for my part, I vow and protest, upon the Word of an Author, I never yet did the Clergy any half ill Office, by teaching Mankind either Reason or Religion: I confess, I love them both well enough to merit the Character of an Infidel, but I keep my Affection to Piety and Truth, to myself, for fear of provoking the Ambassadors; they being engaged in another Interest.

I, who am their Apologist, must own, it is not without Reason they look asquint upon Humanity, and useful Knowledge, and Modernities, and the like Lay-Vertues. A Man that wants Legs, would certainly think himself insulted and reproached, should a gouty Fellow take it in his Head to be dancing and cutting Capers before him. Folks that have no Teeth, do not love Cake.

But notwithstanding all these friendly Confessions of mine in Favour of the Ambassadors, I must still pray them, for the future, to keep their Antipathy to themselves, tho' they may have a great deal of it to spare. For, while there are yet a few left, who make bold to believe there is another God besides the Clergy, an Administration so Scripture and common Sense will not fail to be approved by many, and would be by more, were it thought consistent with the Dignity and Interest of the Ambassadors, to permit the common People to return to their Senses.

But this, alas, is not to be expected, so long as Judgment and Understanding are so apparently opposite to the Rights of the Church.

The Roman Clergy are justified in keeping the Laity in Subjection and Ignorance, by a bold

bold Pretence to Infallibility: Whereas our Pipers, equally bold, but less reasonable, would make us Slaves and Blockheads, and yet cannot give us a Reason for it. It is confessed they have a certain loud Mouth, one Orthodox, which is their Friend at a pinch, and serves them on all Occasions, for a ready Answer to every Objection. But this same Orthodox, tho' it *fully convinceth any good Church-Man*, yet *hath lost its original meaning*, and, for many Ages, signified either every Thing, or nothing. Indeed, when the Church hath her Hands *unbound*, Orthodox is a Word of high Importance, and confidently signifies the Pillory and Whipping-Post, and the Church that has those *reforming Engines* of its Side, is, *of course*, the *only Apostolical*.

This Orthodox has likewise been *compelled to wear* several *other Meanings*, upon several Occasions. Sometimes it is an Altar, and sometimes a Book of Canons; sometimes a Convocation, and sometimes a Mob; it is this Minute a Bishop in his Sleeves, and the next, a THREE-PIG. Now with them it is Slavery and unlimited Loyalty, and presently it is Sedition and Rebellion, and all reform. It is a Tyrant when a Minister, and his Lackey when a Servant, and almost [illegible] Minister, or asking it. When it is [illegible] opinion by strong Hand, and, as ill as it loves the Bible, it would keep it all to itself. When it is in Authority, it snatches up the first Book that comes to its Hand, lawful or unlawful, and to others in the same Circumstances it recommends *Prayer and Tears*, especially when they have no purpose: If you give it all it asks, it will perhaps *leave* command; but if you shew its proud Face, *Moderation*, the best Countenance, it will spit in your Face, and call you Son of a Whore:

Whore: For, whatever Diſguiſe it appears in, it is very apt to be in a Paſſion, and call Names; nay, if its Hands are not tied, it will bite and ſcratch, and kick, and fling, and bounce and bellow, and knock down all that come near it, unleſs they ſwear a bloody Oath, *they are for the Church.*

But as uſeful as this *Orthodox* is to the Clergy, it will never juſtify them, in the Opinion of Impartial Judges, for marking the beſt and moſt elevated Spirits with the Brand of Atheiſm. Virtue, Learning, and Humanity, will find Friends in ſpite of Orthodoxy, and many of the Laity will live in the Fear of God, let the Clergy take it ever ſo ill; and others will be Lovers of Truth and Mankind, at the hazard of being hated by the Church.

I muſt now have ſome Talk with my Friends, the Ambaſſadors, upon another Point, and that is their Claim of Divine Right to every Thing which they have a mind to call *theirs.*

It is certain the [illegible] of their Poſſeſſions by ſuch Means and Arts as would have been fraudulent and diabolical, had they been practiſed by *Lay-Men.* [illegible] the Privileges of [illegible] the Dignity of the Church. [illegible] theſe Poſſeſſions of the Monks, tho' forfeited to the Crown by the Law, for having been fraudulently got, and unjuſtly kept, by ſuperſtitious Lazineſs and Debauchery, were as this Matter explained by our *profane Monks*, as the undoubted Succeſſors of the *ſober* bald Vermin, *in Purity of Doctrine and of Manners.* Thus aiming in every Point to reſemble theſe their pious Predeceſſors, they would willingly hold their Lands by Bigotry and *Divine Right.*

The

The antient Monks were much more generous and reasonable than the *present Set*; for they gave their Bubbles an Equivalent for their Wealth — They would at any time Jockey away a small Tenement in *Abraham's* Bosom for a rich Manor in *England*; whereas our *modern Monks*, notwithstanding their avowed Authority over their Maker, and his Dominions *above*, are so far from *dealing* like Chapmen, that, in Exchange for our Possessions, they do not so much as offer us a little *Bargain* in Paradise. If the *Property of that Ground be theirs*, they might at least render a *future* Cottage for a *present* Palace, and the rather, because by Experience we know, that when we are at their Mercy, they allow us, in *this Life*, little else but Dungeons, Whips and Chains, and the *like Inducements* to reverence the Priesthood, who, for the *Good of our Souls*, use our Bodies *Monstly ill*. And it cannot be denied, when the *Ambassadors* are let loose, they act as if they were, in Truth, *the Sewages of God, by Divine Right*.

Now, I their Apologist, do earnestly persuade the Ambassadors to drop this Claim. All the Laicks who read the Bible know there is nothing of it in that Book, and they do not see that the Clergy live in so good an Understanding and *Conformity* with their Maker, as to merit from him a Grant of all the Lands in *England* by *Word of Mouth*.

What they have by *human Right* let them keep, and make much of it; nay, (to please them) let them wrangle and go to Law about it as much and as often as they will — But this is a Hilue they do not want. A Parson's Bull and his Grey Pad feed on Tithe-Hay and Corn, which is the Provender of these Brutes by *Di-*

vine

ous Right, and yet I never observed they grew fatter upon this Divine Food than a *Lay-Bull* and a *Lay-Steer-Beef*, or were less addicted to Carnality and Lewdness.

I shall say nothing here of the *Divine Right* which doubtless the Ambassadors have to *Pleasures and Non-Residence*: Only by the by, suppose the Earl of *Stairs* should desire his Majesty to make him Ambassador to half a dozen Courts besides that of *France*, and undertake to execute all those Employments by his *Secretary*, I fancy his Excellency would be roundly told, That Dispatching an Ambassy by a *Curate* is such a Solecism in Politicks as a *Lay-Minister* must not be guilty of.

I now proceed to another *Catholick* Topick, which is run into prodigious Luxuriancy and Irregularity; I mean the good *Art of Lying* for the Church. I do not intend to debar the *Ambassadors* from their most righteous and most antient Practice of martyring their Consciences to their Calling, and damning their precious Souls against the dangerous and fanatical Encroachments of their old Foe, *Truth*, which was never a Friend to the *Trade* of the Tippit. It is to be wished, however, that their laudable Zeal for this venerable *Usage* were a *little* limited; and therefore that it may not grow useless by being altogether boundless, *as it is at this Day*, I, the *Apologist* for the Church, prompted by pure Affection, will make bold to lay down two *Rules* to be observed by the *Ambassadors, who are Liars for the good of it*, as well as Sir *H. Wotton* was for the good of the State.

And First, I implore them, as they love their *precious Livings*, not to *fib* out of the Bible. I know it is the hardest Thing in the World to break

break Men of a long and strong Habit, particularly when they much delight in it; but I pray [illegible] consider that this Bible is the most universal Creature under the Sun at fathoming a Man. You may easily know when he is queasy for a Bishoprick, for if you ask him, he will deal sincerely with you, and tell you the naked Truth. It was a malicious Thing of our Ancestors, and a great blow upon the *Ambassadors*, to teach this Foreigner our Language; for ever since he has been naturalized and taught *English*, he blabs out every Thing he knows.

Good Doctors, take Warning from the untoward Feat of a *Jewish Doctor*, who in a furious Fit of Zeal to destroy his Country, and *save* the Church, cook'd a Psalm or two out of the Bible that were not in it. [illegible] Lay-Men, who [illegible] Simplicity, but [illegible] Church, were [illegible] Bible, which [illegible] hour, that the Genius of the Church had [illegible] him; and, after [illegible] Monuments in Affection of the Doctor; and *Memory*, adding That the *Doctor did be had never been, to the best, esteemed as all these Lives.*

A few Strokes this upon our *Ambassador*, but it did not rub here. That's hard hearted Lay-Man, preferring the Reputation of an *effectual Treatise* to that of a *modish Ambassador*, hung up the Story at *Wednesday-Hall*, and then published it to all the World. Which dreadful Usage did so provoke the *weak Ambassador*, that from that Hour to this he could never endure Law, or Gospel, or Truth, or good Manners; but, being now both disabled and hardened to a Stone, he swears and rails, and lies more or less

every Day in the Week, but *most terribly on Sundays.*

Behold the Damage which accrues to the Church from the aptness of the Bible to tell Tales!

This Boldness in us *Lay-Animals*, or, as a great *Church-Man* loves to call us, *The Beasts of the People*, to *meddle* with Knowledge, and study the *Word of God*, is undoubtedly a shameful Insult upon the *Ambassadors*, and a manifest Impropriation of their Rights and *Profits*. But there is no Help for it, the Laity will, *against all Reason*, be exercising their *Reason*, and judging in Things which, tho' *plain* and *necessary*, ought to remain a *profound Mystery*. All this is the more intolerable, for that both the Prophets and Apostles give a very harsh and unkind Character of our *present Orthodox Clergy*. It is well for these *Calumniators* and *Low-Church-Men*, that they are dead.

Having now shewed the *Ambassadors* that it is by no Means safe, even when the Church is in the greatest Danger, to lie for its Preservation out of the *Holy Scriptures*, which are ever *backward* to *own* and vindicate the *Cause* of the *Cassock*; I proceed to give them a Rule to lie by, when they fetch their Falsehoods out of their own Heads — And it is only this, *to Lie with probability*. How many a glorious *Catholick Forgery* has been murther'd by making it too *Catholick*, that is, *too Monstrous*? What Pity it is there should be any Excess in Piety and *good Works*!

In the Time of the late Rebellion I din'd by Accident at a Gentleman's House in the *West*, who made no secret of his being a Jacobite, or, as he explain'd it, *a true Church-Man*: The *Parson*, I found, was gone to the next Village to cater

cater for News, and being impatiently expected by the Squire, arrived just as we were sitting down to Dinner. *Well*, Doctor, says his Worship, *What is the Word? Mar, Mar, Sir*, replied the Doctor, *What should it be?* Here all the Family chuckled, perceiving the good Man had got a Packet that pleas'd him. However, before he broach'd his *best News*, he let us know that King *George* (so whom he gave *another Name*) had got a Guard about him, consisting of *Five Thousand Turks, and Ten Thousand Presbyterian Persons*. These *ill Tidings* made Madam sigh for the Church, and therefore the Doctor hasten'd to tell her *better*. *Come*, Madam, says he, *hold up. Day dawns in the North, the brave Mar has Two Hundred Thousand* Highlanders *well arm'd and princip'd, to serve your Ladyship and the Church; and Three Hundred and Fourscore great* French *Ships* of War, *were this Morning seen making towards* Portsmouth. The Lady thank'd God with an Ejaculation, and *his Ambassador* with a Glass of Sherry. He then proceeded to assure us, *That the Duke of* Argyle's *Army had deserted to a Man, and that his Grace himself was fled in a poor fishing Boat to* Greenland, or somewhere, *far away; that his Majesty had stole away from St. James's, and was not to be found high nor low; and that the Duke of* Marlborough *bit his Thumbs, and look'd as pale as Ashes.* This great News procured the *Ambassador* t'other Glass of Sherry, and Madam clapped t'other Custard upon his Plate. He then assur'd us, of his own Knowledge, that the *Duke of* Berwick *had on some Occasion or other given the Earl of* Stairs *a terrible Box on the Ear, and order'd him to leave the Kingdom in three Hours, on pain of being put in the Stocks. A brave a Man this Duke of* Berwick, says

a Booby at the Parson's Elbow, the 'Squire's eldest Son. *Ay*, says the Parson, and,

Here is to Berwick *the bold,*
And may his Grace live to grow old.

He went on in this Wantonness of Fancy, and lied and rhim'd beyond all Bounds. The 'Squire squeez'd him by the Hand, and put his Health round, and I saw nothing but Mirth and Gaiety. For my self, I laugh'd with the rest, and own'd the *Ambassador*'s News to be *wonderful strange*. He was afterwards very Arch upon a brace of *Turks*, and a Garden of Turnips that he had planted in his Majesty's Bed-Chamber. But as he was going on in his News and Calumny, and *just tipping off the Royal Family*, for whom he had provided a Lodging somewhere in *Holland*, an honest Gentleman came in with the printed Account of both the *Battle* of *Preston*, and that of *Dumblain*; for, living far from a Post-Town, he had his Letters but once a Week. The *Ambassador* was instantly taken with an occasion to make Water, and left both his News and his Custard unfinished. But I told the Gentleman the Wonders the Doctor had told us, and he shew'd us the monstrous impossibility of them; which had so good an Effect, that tho' he continues his Trade to this Day, and Lies as *fortunately* as ever, especially from his *wooden Sanctuary*, yet the perverse People *uncharitably* refuse to be any longer his Rogues and Zealots; whereas before this his unhappy Detection, he could set them a Railing and Swearing, and Mobbing, at his *Christian Pleasure*. It is true, *many of the good Women* are still his Believers and *Conformists*; but this is ascrib'd to *a Cause not quite so spiritual*.

Take

Take Warning, O *Reverend Ambassadors*, from the forlorn Miscarriage of this your *blundering Brother*, who, transported with *Orthodox Zeal*, carried a *well-meaning Lye* beyond the Bounds of Likelihood, and has *thereby* utterly disabled himself from serving the *Church* and *his Order*, 'tis long as he lives — Better, oh better he had been a Red that inauspicious Day, tho' with *his Hand-maid*, as usual.

Not so the artful and eloquent *Father Francis*, who holds forth a Lye, and weeps over a Lye, with a praise-worthy Cunning and Dexterity. He dresses up the pretty Puppie so amiably, all at the Cost and Charges of *his own Family*, and laments over it so movingly, that there is not a dry Eye, nor a dry Handkerchief, in the whole Congregation. The Tears and Rage of his Hearers are equally in his Power; the whole Order would no doubt envy him, were he not, tho' greatly lewd, *an excellent Church-Man*.

He was once raising the Pity of his Hearers, for a *hopeful, unfortunate* young Gentleman, who, tho' born to *three great Estates*, was so ill us'd, and *persecuted*, that he had not a Hovel to put his *Catholick Head* in. In short, he describ'd the poor Lad's Circumstances so artfully, and lamented him so pathetically, that I thrust my Hand into my Pocket, and, had *the Pretender* been within three Pews of me, I should infallibly have reached him half a Crown; a larger Charity than I give to *every poor Body*. I perceived the same Sympathy and Commiseration in the Looks of the whole Church.

On every 30th of *January*, how many *Butchers* does he send Home, calling for their *Cleavers*, to hew in Peices all the *Presbyterian Damons*,

worst, that had a Hand in the *Slaughter* of the *Martyr!* For it is a ſtanding Maxim and *Reſolve* amongſt *the Ambaſſadors*, That all the Diſſenters, who ever lived, or ſhall live, to the end of the World, *muſt be the very individual Men that murthered King* Charles *the Firſt, with their own Hands.* Another Time he gave us a frightful Image and Deſcription of *Oliver Cromwell's Time*; but he threw ſo many *Modern Incidents* into the Character, that the whole Congregation *miſtook* him to mean the *preſent Reign*, and I, like a Booby, amongſt the reſt, was of the ſame Opinion; and he put me ſo out of Humour with the Court and the Miniſtry, that I ſnatched up my Hat and Cane, and went directly to *expoſtulate* with a *Secretary of State*, upon the *dreadful Doings* and *Miſmanagements* which *Friar* Francis had pointed at: I likewiſe intended to admoniſh the *Courtiers to be rul'd by the Clergy, if they expected to proſper.* But when I came to St. *James's*, I found that Things had quite *another Face there*, than when they came out of the Mouth of *Friar* Francis. So I kept my Buſineſs to my ſelf, and ſneak'd off, warned however to truſt no more to the Repreſentations of this *Reverend Father in Guile.*

But, I hope, for the ſake of *the Ambaſſadors*, no Body elſe will take the ſame Pains to be unacquainted *the Apoſtolical Forgeries*, which *their Excellencies* may find it *convenient* to broach from Time to Time—. Such a raſh Proceeding would utterly deſtroy the Credit of the Caſſock throughout this Land. But my *honourable Friends* know themſelves very ſafe in the *conformable Credulity* of their Hearers: And yet I muſt ſtill praiſe that wary *Doctor* ***, who lies *beſt*, that is, like *Friar* Francis, *moſt artfully*. He well knows, that

that *the pious Art of Falsehood* is the *only* Engine they have left to defend the Reputation of the *Craft*, and to wound that of their great *Rival for Power*, the GOVERNMENT. He therefore manages with Care and Art this *last Shift*.

I have already given a *Reason sufficient*, why Oaths ought not to Humour the *Ambassador*, to which I will here add, in Defence of the *innocent Sin of Perjury*, that if *their* universal Custom and Practice in all Ages, be of any Force, as sometimes Custom alone creates Law, then here is an Apology in a few Words, for such *Genuine Clergy-men* as have *forsworn* to his present Majesty for the Preservation of their Cupboards and *Tithes, of which the Holy Church hath made them Overseers*. It is not, therefore, without *valuable Considerations*, that the *conscientious Priests* have reconcil'd themselves to this *innocent Sin*, and made Perjury the *easiest Task* under the Sun. Not but that the *conformable*, good Creatures can abstain from it (as much as they are used to it) when there is *more got* by NON-JURING.

I knew the *Ambassador of a Parish* near the *Bath*, who had for many Years sworn and pray'd with *constant Conformity*, and enjoy'd his *Living* and his *Office*, without the least Tumult in his Conscience, till the beginning of the *late Rebellion*; but this same Conscience of his (being something of a *Time-Server*) no sooner heard that the *Highlanders* were risen, but *it* began to rise too, and gave the *Doctor* several Hints, which he thought were *just* and *reasonable*. In short, it drew up a Remonstrance to him, by which it appear'd, that if he did but handle the present Opportunity *well*, *he might bid fair to get something, without losing any thing*. The *Doctor*

was

was ready to follow the Advice of so *rational* a Conscience, and so *pretended* to quit his Parish, because, as he told his People in a doleful Discourse at parting, he could not, *with any Conscience, pray for a Prince who had no Right*, and so forth. Thus the *Doctor seem'd* to risk a small Living for the good of his *poor* Soul, and a *Deanery*: And *only seem'd*, for, being *too cautious*, as he was *conscientious*, he had his Church supplied with a *Deputy-Ambassador*, vulgarly call'd a *Curate*. However, the *Doctor* enjoy'd the Honour and Character of a *Confessor* for a few Weeks, and then the Defeats of *Mar* and *Forster* gave him such *convincing Proofs of his Majesty's Right*, that his courteous *Conscience*, the best natured *yielding* Thing alive, made him and Perjury *cordial Friends* once more. He took the Oaths, and kept his Parish, and prays now for the Government *with the same Sincerity as ever*.

Before I have done, I must have a little Chat with my Friends, the *Ambassadors*, upon the Head of *Politicks*; and I cannot but conceive they are somewhat too fickle and changing in their *Friendship* and *Enmity* to *Princes and States*: and Inconstancy in Schemes, is an essential Error in *Statesmen*.

The *Ambassadors* were, for some Time, exceeding fond of the late *French* King, who indeed took *prevailing Methods* to please them. In the first Place he exerted the *full Prerogative of a Monarch by Divine Right*, upon his *Lay-Subjects*, and treated them as *Slaves, born to breath but for* his *Pleasure*. Secondly, He strove gloriously, by Frauds and Violence, to destroy the most powerful and most *obnoxious Nest of Republicans* in the World, dull *Dutch-men*, that will be for *Trade and Liberty of Conscience*, let *our Clergy say what*

they

they will to the contrary—. Thirdly (O glorious Article!) He *exercised such wholesome Severities on Dissenters*, that every *true Church-Man* ought to *worship* him to all Eternity. And yet, after all this complicated Merit, they withdrew their *Protection* from him, as soon as he grew Friends with *King William*. But he quickly merited their Smiles; for he bravely broke his Faith, and fell a murdering the D—d *Dutch* again: And during the whole Course of the War, they continued to grieve for his Losses, and to curse the *Duke of* Marlborough for stopping the Course of *his most Christian Cruelties*. But still they grumbled at his Slowness in lending them a few *Ships* and *Troops* to do a certain *Job* which they had *much at Heart*, because it would have chang'd the *ill-contriv'd Model* of our Laws and Religion, into a *Form more pleasing to them*.

The *Regent* too was *honour'd* with their *good Graces*, while he was suspected of aiding the *Rebellion for the Church*; but, now it appears he has no Spight against their Country and Constitution, they have taken up a mortal *Pique* at him.

Sweden was once the only Object of their Affection and their Prayers, whilst its King was expected with a Fleet and Army to rescue the *Church*, by *Fire, and Sword, and Popery*, from the Danger of a *Protestant Government*. But *Sweden* failed them, and presently

The *Czar of* Muscovy got into their Favour, and it was strongly hop'd, that that *weak Monarch* would set Fire to the Nation, and help the *Church*; and, tho' he bamk'd them, the *Ambassadors* are still fond of him, he having, by *his Humanity to his Son, and several others*, shewn that he *knows the use of wholesome Severities*; besides, 'tis thought he has *no Good-Will for England*.

The *Turk* was at one Time a *very popular Church-Man*, for he was at War with the Chriſtians, and *therefore* — great Things were expected from him by the *Ambaſſadors*, for *the Proſperity of the Church*: But *Prince* Eugene, who is *got a good Church-Man*, drove *their Mahometan Friend* back to his *Whore-Houſe* again —

Even the *Emperor* himſelf, when it was reported he had given his Siſter to the *Pretender*, was *honour'd* with the *Character of a Well-wiſher to the Church of* England; but *that Lye not proving true*, his *Imperial Majeſty* loſt Ground amongſt the *Ambaſſadors*, and is at preſent in ſuch Diſgrace with them, that nothing, but *his going to Maſs*, makes them keep Meaſures with him.

The *Dutch* were ever the Objects of their Indignation, and utter Averſion, but at this preſent Time, even *theſe Republicans, and No-Chriſtians*, by their *Slowneſs in ſigning the Quadruple-Alliance*, have won the Hearts of *our Ambaſſadors*, and the *Hogan Mogans* have *now* the good Fortune to be deem'd *judicious and moderate Schiſmaticks*; but I am in *great Dread*, that they will *very ſhortly* anger the *Church* again.

But *Perſon* Alberoni, *my Client*, is, *of all the Potentates* in *Europe*, *the Pope himſelf not* excepted, their *preſent Favourite and Darling*, as I, tho' unworthy, expect ſoon to be, for penning this *unanſwerable Encomium* upon *Him and Them*.

Their Love of this Potent, *High-Church-Man*, who, like another *Cardinal Laud*, leads his *Pupil* by the Noſe, and the Purſe-Strings, can proceed from nothing but their Fondneſs for *Works of Charity*, to which, it ſeems, my *Client* ſhews a ſtrong Inclination, particularly in an *Inſtance or two that cannot but pleaſe the Church*.

We

We all know there are several worthy *English Gentlemen*, *the good Friends of our Ambassadors*, and *loyal Sufferers for the Church*, who live like Vagrants in *Italy*, and are fed with Crumbs *from the Pope's Table*. Now the *loving Cardinal* has, in his *Royal Bounty*, invited these *pious Protestants* into *his Kingdom*, offering them a Morsel, and a Bed, tho' it is fear'd the present *Parliament* hath taken such *uncatholick Resolutions* as may put the *Cardinal's Majesty* out of humour, and *tempt him to change his Mind*.

Sir *George Bing* too is never to be forgiven by any Man who wishes well to the *Church* and *Uniformity*, for creating such a *dangerous Schism* in the *Cardinal's Fleet*, who were too *Orthodox Catholicks* to digest the *dreadful Heresy* of *Protestant* Powder and Ball.

It was rude in Sir *George* to break the Heads of so many *civil Spaniards*, who were Men of *peaceable Behaviour*, and *no-wise addicted to Fighting*. It is true they *afterwards* behav'd themselves like *Hero's*, when they *refought* the *English* in the *Marquis de Bonzi Lieut's Paper*, where his Excellency has made them shew the true *Spanish Bravery*, by beating Sir *George* bravely, and running away from him bloodily. And it is plain to all the World, that they shewed, by a *bold Flight*, they scorn'd to die to please that *merciless Heretick*.

I could add many Particulars to illustrate the Worth of my *eminent Client*, *Parson* Alberoni, whose great Capacity *to rule his Master* is visible to Mankind. I could likewise insist that he has as good a Right as *any other Priest or Vicar* whatsoever, to *act as becomes his Order*, by nourishing War and Desolation.

But

But I will waive the Detail of these Points, tho' there is a great deal in them, having a greater Thing to urge in his Behalf, which renders him singularly Dear to all true Church-Men —— Reader, a Word in your Ear; Parson *Alborne* intends, if King George would but let him, to *restore* —— and *the Church-Lands*.

O Sanctum, fœtumq; diem! ——

Having left this *important* Whisper upon the Reader's Memory, I shall say no more.

N. B. Not one of the *numerous* Answers which will be made to this *Apology*, will be worth reading. But, at the *earnest* Request of my *Bookseller*, I design to write and publish a *Reply to myself*, which I desire every Body to buy.

FINIS